

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER XV.—THE RULE OF FAITH.

"Bibles laid open : millions of surprises."—*G. Herbert.*

"AND the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid ; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria ! for he would recover him of his leprosy." Mrs. Reed

had read this history many a time in the selection from Holy Scripture which had been given her as a child, and she read it now, among other passages, in Jane's Bible, before she went downstairs. That other little maid to whom her thoughts had naturally recurred at the moment was waiting for her in the passage, and presently knocked at the door. Mrs. Reed closed the book and bade her enter. She had a letter in her hand which had just arrived by post. It was from Miss Egan, full of good wishes for her.

No. 1297.—NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

self and the little Mary, her godchild. There was also a little present—a five-pound note, to buy a cloak and hat, or anything else, for the child; but no mention of the boy, whose existence, perhaps, Miss Egan had forgotten, so little did she interest herself about him.

As Mrs. Reed read this letter her heart yearned to see her aunt, who had been like a mother to her, and to tell her all her care. The picture of her old home in Ireland rose up before her, and with it the sweet recollection of the peaceful, happy life she had led there, before her mind had ever been perplexed with religious doubts or difficulties, when she had been contented to leave the eternal interests of her soul wholly and trustingly to the care of her teachers, fully persuaded that they would bring her home to heaven by a safe course. Ah, if she could only feel the same reliance now! Perhaps it had been a "fools' paradise;" but it was a very comfortable one for all that, and she could not help regretting it. She dismissed the thought, however, after a little reflection, feeling convinced that a more excellent way had now been shown her, though for the present much less smooth and pleasant.

"You left your Bible here last night," she said to Jane. "If you do not want it, I should like to keep it a little while. Do you ever find any difficulty in understanding what you read, Jane?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, very often."

"And what do you do then?"

"Sometimes I look at the references, to see what it says in other places; and sometimes I give it up, and go on to something else. There is always plenty to read that seems plain and easy, without puzzling over difficult texts. Then there is Mr. Harte. If there was anything very particular, I could ask him; and he often explains things in his sermons just as if he knew what I had been reading and thinking about. Oh, ma'am, you would like to hear Mr. Harte; he is so kind and so good, and seems to make you feel so what he says."

"Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria!" Mrs. Reed thought to herself. "I have heard Mr. Harte," she replied, "and am not surprised that you like him. Perhaps I may go and hear him again some day. By-the-by, if Mr. Cope should call, tell him I am engaged. I shall be very busy, and cannot admit him."

Mrs. Reed spent some hours again in the evening reading Jane's Bible, here a little and there a little, turning over the pages as the marginal references directed her from one chapter to another; and then musing upon what she had read, and trying to apply it to her own particular circumstances. Her prevailing thought had been hitherto to reconcile, if possible, the reading of God's Word and the exercise of a certain degree of liberty of conscience with her duty to the Church as a Roman Catholic. The idea of separating herself voluntarily from the Church of Rome was inexpressibly painful to her, and she would not entertain it for a moment. But Mr. Cope had told her there could be no compromise. "If you insist on studying the Bible," he had said, "you can have our own version, the Douay translation, and can read as much of it as you like. The Church does not absolutely forbid it to persons of education; but it is likely to do you more harm than good; and, after all, you must come to the Church for explanation, and must not hope to understand any part of it without her teaching. If you

once begin to ask questions, and to exercise your own judgment, you place yourself in opposition to the Church. Holy Church must be everything to you or nothing. If it were possible for the Church to bid you do wrong, or what you think wrong, it would be your duty and your only safe course to do it. The Church is the only arbiter of what her children are to believe and do. The moment you hesitate in your submission and obedience to the Church, you are lost."* She remembered also what Father Gehagan had said to her before her marriage. "Do not deceive yourself. Whosoever is not for us is against us. Whoever is not wholly and unreservedly a 'Catholic' is wholly a heretic. Anathema maranatha to all such!"

Mrs. Reed could not help shuddering as she thought of the consequences to which her present line of thought and conduct must naturally lead. Yet she was sure that God's Spirit had spoken more really and powerfully to her heart from the pages of that book now lying open before her than from the lips of any priest or by the agency of any sacrament or ceremony of the Church. How, then, could she consent to put it aside at the bidding of any man?

The midday post brought a letter from Mr. Reed, with the joyful news that he might be expected home on the following Monday. This was Saturday; within two days he would be at home! She resolved that she would not see Mr. Cope again till she had seen her husband. But in the afternoon that gentleman met her, and, turning about, walked some distance by her side. He had a great deal to tell her about the new Roman Catholic church that was to be built, and of the efforts he had made to get Mr. Reed appointed architect. Mrs. Reed felt obliged to listen to all these particulars, for she knew it would be a great matter for her husband to have the building of the church; but at length she bade Mr. Cope good morning, and took refuge in a draper's shop, where she had some purchases to make. The next day she remained at home, and spent many hours with her Bible. It struck her as remarkable that although she had now read so many chapters from different parts of the book, she had found no mention whatever of some of the most prominent doctrines and practices of her Church. Prayers for the dead, the worship of the Virgin Mary, the adoration of saints and relics, purgatory, penance,—these and other doctrines seemed to be passed over in silence. She applied herself with increased diligence to seek out texts bearing upon these several subjects, not doubting that such were to be found, but wondering much that she had not already met with them. The Scripture authority for such important doctrines must, she felt sure, be plain and positive. In the course of this research she met with many passages which seemed to condemn these tenets, but nothing that could, without doing violence to the sense and context, be understood to sanction any of them. True, there was the rich man's petition to Abraham, which had often been pointed out to her as an example of prayer to the saints; but it was not a very encouraging one, since the patriarch professed himself totally unable to listen to it or to grant it. On the other hand there was the text, "Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility

* "If the Pope should err in forbidding virtues which God hath commanded and commanding vices which God hath forbidden, the Church were bound to believe vices to be good and virtues bad, unless she would sin against conscience."—*Bellarmino de Pont.*, lib. iv. cap. 5.

and wo
fleshly
the mar
in the l
above m
for she
a part
with
been gi
her po
Christi
of high
took it
the 119

"Q.
"A.
"Q.
"A.
to wor
things."
There
what di
"The
said un
servant
of Jesu
is the s
Could
had be
meanin
exampl
were t
teacher
alarmed
Word
that the
read th
own rat
was it
she fou
ignorant
side to
read, an
own im
She c
and aln
her hu
Earnes
under
where t
these t
please,
evening
"Ye
"Yo
Bridge
Insta
Naama
again,
with th
"Ye
momen
me a fe
Jane
been a
mistres
church
she ha

* The v
rulgate of

and worshipping of angels, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind;" from which she turned, directed by the marginal reference, to a passage twice repeated in the Book of Revelation. Here she was astonished above measure, and could scarcely believe her eyes, for she remembered to have seen the text, or rather a part of it, quoted in one of her instruction books, with a directly opposite conclusion. The book had been given her by Father Gehagan, and was still in her possession. It was called "A Catechism of Christian Doctrine," by the Rev. Dr. Doyle, a writer of high estimation among Roman Catholics. She took it down quickly from its shelf, and opening it at the 119th page, read as follows:—

"Q. Is it lawful to honour angels and saints?"

"A. Yes.

"Q. How prove you that?"

"A. Rev. xix. 10. 'And I fell down, said he, to worship before the angel which shewed me these things.'"

There the proof ended in the Catechism book: but what did she read in the original?

"Then I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not: I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren that have the testimony of Jesus: worship God: for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy."*

Could it be possible that the latter part of this text had been suppressed in order to give a perverted meaning to the former part? And was this an example of the kind of interpretation which the laity were to receive without questioning from their teachers? Mrs. Reed was not only astonished, but alarmed, at the discoveries to which the study of God's Word was leading her. Could it be for this reason that the priests of her Church had charged her not to read that Word, and had forbidden her to put her own rational interpretation upon it in any case? Or was it possible, on the other hand, that the difficulties she found were to be attributed only to her own ignorance and unbelief? Was Satan standing at her side to blind her eyes and harden her heart as she read, and had she given him power to do this by her own impatience and presumption?

She closed the book at last, wearied and bewildered, and almost made up her mind to open it no more until her husband should be at home to read it with her. Earnestly did she long for sympathy and counsel under her doubts and troubles, and she knew not where to turn for it. While she was occupied with these thoughts, Jane knocked at the door. "If you please, ma'am," she said, "can I go to church this evening?"

"Yes, Jane."

"You wasn't going out yourself, ma'am, was you? Bridget will be at home in the nursery."

Instantly the thought of the little maid in Naaman's house flashed across Mrs. Reed's mind again, and the words, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria!" recurred to her.

"Yes," she exclaimed, on the impulse of the moment; "you are going to St. Paul's. Wait for me a few minutes. I will go with you."

Jane could scarcely believe her ears. It had been a kind of day-dream with her that possibly her mistress might, after reading her Bible, go to her church and hear a sermon from her pastor. Perhaps she had even breathed a prayer that this result

might follow; but the fulfilment of her wish was so far from being looked upon as possible, that she was no less surprised than delighted at its realisation. She waited in a flutter of excitement until Margarita was ready, and then mistress and maid went forth together.

It was a plain service, very like that which Mrs. Reed had attended at Marton. The church was well filled, and the people were attentive and devout. There was no passing in and out, no frequent bowings or obeisances, but a quiet, earnest participation in the prayers, and attention to the preaching. The sermon was a well-considered, practical discourse, addressed to the hearts of the people as well as to their understandings. The preacher treated his text as if it had been a rich piece of tapestry, unfolding it before the people, and pointing to the several parts of it and to their connection with each other as a whole. The text was indeed a sermon in itself, and those whose memories would not enable them to carry away much else, would carry away that, and feel that they were the better for it. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

To many besides Margarita it seemed as if the verse must have been chosen specially for themselves; and they took it to themselves, as she did. She little thought at the moment what great trials were impending, what a grievous burden she would be called on presently to bear, how sorely she would need all the comfort such a text could give her; but she laid up the words in her heart and went home, prepared and fortified beforehand for whatever unknown cares and troubles might be in store for her—nor unknown to God, nor yet uncared for by his providence.

CHAPTER XVI.—"BETTER THAN ANY DOCTOR!"

"I would bring balm and pour into your wound,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes."
—Dryden.

WHEN Mrs. Reed drew near home on her return from church, accompanied by her little maid, she saw a fly standing at the door. She quickened her steps, anxiously peering through the half-darkness of the street, hoping, yet almost fearing, to discern the form of her husband, though she had not expected him until the following day, and not to travel on Sundays. The fly was empty when she reached it, but she recognised Mr. Reed's portmanteau on the roof. The driver was at the horse's head, and Margarita immediately began to question him.

"Gent's gone up the street," said the flyman.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Reed, in distress; "open the door, Jane, and turn the gas up; your master has come home. How long have you been waiting here?" she asked the man.

"Oh, ever such a while!" he answered, thinking perhaps of his fare. "Gent's a-coming now."

Mrs. Reed hastened to meet him. "I did not expect you till to-morrow," she said. "I am so very glad; and so sorry I was out."

"So glad and so sorry," he answered. "Never mind; I ought to have sent a telegram. How are the children? Why is the house locked up?"

"Quite well. Bridget is upstairs in the nursery—asleep, perhaps. The bell rings down in the kitchen, and she could not have heard it. But come in now."

* The words in the original are "Opa mē, which are rendered in the vulgate of Pope Sixtus V., *Vide ne feceris*.

"You have been to Peterstowe, I suppose?"

"No; not to-day."

"Where, then?"

To answer this question fully would have involved a great deal of explanation which could not be given there in the street; and for which, indeed, Mrs. Reed had reckoned that preparation must be made, and a convenient opportunity chosen. She hesitated, therefore; and at length stammered out, "Jane's mother has been ill; we have been to see her. If I had had the slightest idea of the happiness awaiting me at home, how I should have hurried back!"

It was true she had been with Jane to see her mother—their way home lay past the door, and they had gone in and stayed there some time. But it was not the whole truth, and Mrs. Reed felt the colour rise to her forehead as she uttered it. She was very glad that it was too dark for any one to observe it at that moment. Mr. Reed turned away to settle with the driver, who claimed extra payment for waiting "half an hour," as he said, which Mr. Reed angrily denied. When he entered the house, Margarita went to him, expecting a more cordial greeting than he had bestowed upon her in the street, but he did not seem very enthusiastic. "The fire is nearly out," he remarked; "and the evening is cold, especially when one has been kept waiting half an hour in the street."

"Half an hour! was it so long?" she asked.

"It seemed so to me; but never mind that. Jane, do get the fire made up;" and he walked about the room, without taking off his overcoat, till there was a cheerful blaze on the hearth, and the cloth was laid for supper. He was moody and taciturn all the evening; and some letters which he opened, and which had been better kept till next day, did not seem to afford him much satisfaction. He answered his wife's questions about his journey chiefly with "Yes" or "No." It was evidently no time for such explanations as she was anxious to offer, and until that task was accomplished Margarita felt uneasy and constrained. So the remainder of the evening, though short, passed away heavily.

The next morning Mr. Reed was up betimes and occupied in his office before breakfast. The post came in early on Mondays, and among the letters which were brought him was one marked "On Her Majesty's service." It was not a proposal for Government works, which he half fancied it might be at the first glance, but a "returned paid" letter. He broke the seal, and discovered inside a curious scrawl, which he felt sure had never been sent from his office; and yet it was written upon office paper, with the name and address lithographed at the head, and this had caused it to be returned to him instead of to the writer. It began, "Horrid sir," but we will spare our readers the difficulties arising from bad spelling and writing, and give it in a legible form:—

"Honoured Sir,—This comes hoping to see you here, or send some one. The poor mistress goes in a bad way to lose her soul with heretics. I promised I would let you know. She begged me to say nothing to nobody, but I cannot hold my tongue from writing any longer for the good of her poor soul. Will tell you more if you come or send some one.—B. D. her mark."

Mr. Reed puzzled over this strange letter for some time. What could "B. D." stand for? It was evidently not "Bachelor of Divinity." At length it

occurred to him—Bridget Doyle! He thrust the letter into his pocket and said nothing about it, anxious as it had made him, until he managed to get hold of Bridget, and to bring her into his own room. There, by questioning, he learnt all that she could tell him about Mr. Cope's visits; how Mrs. Reed had let him in and out, "unknown to any of the servants, as she thought; but Bridget had her eye on her;" and how Bridget had seen her kneeling down before him kissing his hands, or it might be something that he held in them, "though him no more a rale prayste, beggin' your pardon, sir, than I am; only a make-believe;" and how this had been going on for weeks and months, but more especially during Mr. Reed's absence in foreign parts; and how, not satisfied with Mr. Cope, she had been the very evening before with Jane to St. Paul's.

"Are you certain of that?" Mr. Reed asked.

"Sure, I only know what Jane told me about last night; but all the rest I seen with my own eyes."

"Why did you not tell me sooner?"

"Sure, what good would it have done to tell you about such things? Wasn't Mr. Cope your own minister? If it was only as a minister he came after the mistress, what harm would you see in that? and she begging me so hard not to say a word to no one—specially to you; and me promising that I wouldn't. Sorra a one of me would have spoken now if you hadn't found it all out for yourself. It's a pity the post don't know their business better than to send other people's letters to other people!"

"Do you mean to say that Mrs. Reed begged you to conceal from me the fact that Mr. Cope came here to see her?" Mr. Reed asked, incredulous.

"As thrue as I stand here," she answered. "That same minute that I seen her kneeling down by him she said, 'Don't say a word about it, Biddy, to any one until I give you lave: it's all right,' she said, 'an' I'll tell you all about it some day, but don't breathe a syllable to any one;' and then she stopped for breath like, and went on again: 'Not even to my husband, Biddy, do you hear; promise me;' and by the same token Mr. Cope said the same before he went away. 'Sorra a word will I say to Mr. Reed, then, annyhow,' I answered: 'why would I?' But I thought if things went on like that, sure I must let Father Gehagan into the sacret, for hadn't I passed my word that I would write to him for the good of her precious sowl?"

Mr. Reed dismissed the Irishwoman, and instantly went in search of his wife.

"Tell me," he said, "were you at St. Paul's last night with Jane?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Reed.

"And you led me to suppose you had only been to see Jane's mother."

"I meant to have explained."

"And tell me again," he went on, "did I not charge you particularly before I left home to have no communication with Mr. Alban Cope?"

"Yes; but—"

"Let me speak first. Have you observed my wishes in that respect?"

"I must explain."

"I want no explanations. Has he been here? Yes or no?"

"It is unkind, unfair, to question me in this way. It is a long story."

"Yes or no?"

"I want to tell you everything if you will listen."

"Yes"
"Yes"
"Ver"
this has
weeks a
your Ir
"I h
down
unhapp
I can ex
"Ex
should
too late
whom y
you wo
was nee
"I c
and hat
"Of
whenev
him bu
He v
not occ
towards
On the
planatic
and for
loved w
placed
while a
suspicio
"Yo
cried;
from h
ing ha
passed
and fel
feet, he
room a
Bridg
which
guessed
courage
"come
and see
calling
Jane
Bridg
lying o
"It'
coming
help w
ruu as
maste
docthor
anythin
Jane
not in
which
Reed v
"It's n
No; i
can go
can sta
Perk
set he
Biddy
"to be
"No
"M

"Yes or no?"

"Yes, yes: but that is the least part of it."

"Very likely," he answered with a sneer. "And this has been going on without my knowledge for weeks and months! and you could condescend to beg your Irish servant not to tell me of it!"

"I have done very wrong," she said, breaking down miserably and sobbing, "and have been very unhappy; but when you will give me leave to speak I can explain."

"Explain! after I have found out for myself! I should not care for such explanations; they come too late. This Mr. Alban Cope, of all men! the man whom you have always pretended to dislike; whom you would scarcely suffer in your presence when I was near!"

"I despise the man," she exclaimed; "I detest and hate him!"

"Of course—now that I am in the way; but whenever I go from home you can not only tolerate him but run after him."

He was white with jealousy and anger. It did not occur to him that he was guilty of a cruel wrong towards his wife in not listening to her explanation. On the face of it, he thought, there could be no explanation. He had been deceived; systematically and for a long time deceived. His wife, whom he loved with all his heart, and in whom he had ever placed the most implicit confidence, had been all the while acting a part of which till then he had had no suspicion.

"You are welcome to your paltry priest," he cried; "I will leave you to him!" and breaking from her roughly, thrusting down the eager, quivering hands which would have clung to him as he passed her, never looking back although he heard and felt that she had fallen on the floor close to his feet, he flung the door open, and hastened from the room and from the house.

Bridget hearing the door slam, and the cry to which Mrs. Reed had given utterance as she fell, guessed too surely what had happened, but had not courage to go near her mistress. "Jane," she cried, "come here, and go this minute to the mistress; and see is anything the matter. Sure, I heard her calling. Go like the wind, then."

Jane needed no second hint, but went instantly, Bridget following, and they found their mistress lying on the floor, sobbing convulsively.

"It's the sterrieks, poor thing," said Biddy, coming to the front at once when she found that help was wanted. "Get some wather now; and run as fast as you can down the street, and bring the masher back. Tell him to come himself or send a docthor. That will fetch him back quicker than anything, I'm thinking."

Jane did as she was instructed; but Mr. Reed was not in sight, and she did not succeed in finding out which way he had gone. When she returned Mrs. Reed was so far recovered as to be able to sit up. "It's nothing," she said; "only a sudden faintness. No; no doctor. I shall be better presently. You can go now, Bridget; the children want you. Jane can stay with me a little while."

Perhaps it was the thought of the children that set her off again crying and sobbing as soon as Biddy was gone. "How foolish of me," she said, "to be so upset about nothing!"

"Nothing, ma'am?" said Jane, wondering.

"Mr. Reed has got a letter which troubles him."

"I'll go again and try if I can find him," said Jane, "if you can spare me now."

"Oh no, no, no; why should you? I shall be well directly. Don't make any fuss about it. I should not like it to be known that I have been so foolish. Mr. Reed didn't say anything as he went out, did he?"

"No, ma'am; we did not see him go. Bridget thought she heard you call, and so we came in. That's all anybody knows,—or need know."

Mrs. Reed appeared to be satisfied; but continued restless and excited nevertheless. At one moment she said she would go out; but had scarcely strength to walk, or even to stand. Then she would desire Jane to leave her, as she wished to be alone. Finally she sank down upon a chair, burying her face in her hands, and murmuring to herself, "Ah me! what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Jane, who had lingered near, seeing her mistress in such trouble, and utterly at a loss how to assist or comfort her, ventured to propose that she should send for some one. If she would not have the doctor, some good clergyman, perhaps,—Mr. Cope?

"Oh no, no, no! never let me see his face, never let me hear his name again!"

"Well, then, ma'am, if it was me, I should go, of course, to Mr. Harte. He is so good and so kind, and always knows just exactly what to do better than any doctor. Let me ask him to come and see you."

The prophet that is in Samaria! Mrs. Reed, forgetting at that moment everything else but the comfort she had received in listening to him on the previous evening, yearned to throw herself on her knees before him, and to tell him all her trouble.

"Oh, if he were here now!" she exclaimed.

Before she could think again Jane had left the room, and calling to Biddy to look after her mistress, ran off at once to the rectory. It was officious and impertinent, perhaps; but it was well meant.

She found the rector at home, and told her errand quickly. He felt that it was a delicate and difficult task which she proposed for him. Mr. Harte had scarcely ever spoken to Mrs. Reed. He knew her husband very well; but he was not one of his parishioners; and his religious views, he had too much reason to know, were not at all in accordance with his own.

"Did Mrs. Reed say that she wished to see me?"

Mr. Harte asked.

"Oh, if he were here now!" those were her words when I mentioned your name. I'm sure, quite sure, she wouldn't see Mr. Cope, nor Mr. Fleecy neither; and there's no one to say a word to her to tell her what to do; and she's just like one distracted."

"But Mrs. Reed is a Roman Catholic."

"She was, sir; but she has been reading the Bible, my Bible, the one you gave me: and she came to your church last night, and I think she means to turn, sir, if she hasn't turned already. I almost think that's what it's all about, though I shouldn't like to say so."

"Well, then, I will go with you. If Mrs. Reed does not wish to see me, she has only to say so, and I will come away again."

Mrs. Reed waited for Jane's return with nearly the same feelings which a patient experiences who waits for a surgeon to perform a painful operation: at one moment regretting that Jane had run off in such a

hurry, and resolving not to admit the rector; and the next wishing he were come and her trouble made known to him. When she heard his footstep in the hall, she instantly made up her mind to tell Jane that she could not and would not see him. But Jane, in her eagerness, omitted to announce him, and ushered him into the room without giving her an opportunity of refusing.

"I beg your pardon," cried the rector, surprised that he had been shown at once into the room where Mrs. Reed was; "if I am intruding, pray say so: I have called because I heard that you were in trouble; it is our privilege, you know, to go where there is trouble."

"Thank you: has Jane told you—anything?"

"Nothing; nor would I for the world encroach upon your privacy. Yes," he continued, correcting himself, "she told me that you were in distress of mind, and that you were at St. Paul's last night: if it be any question of religion that troubles you—or, indeed, any other—I should be very glad to be of use to you."

"I have no friends near me just now," Mrs. Reed replied; "I know scarcely any one in this town."

"Then let me be your friend. I know Mr. Reed very well; we do not quite agree now, on some points, but we respect each other, I am sure. I am old enough to be your father—grandfather almost. I may be able to say or do something, out of my grey-headed experience, that may be useful."

He spoke to her so kindly that she felt almost as if he were indeed her father, not in name only, as any young half-fledged priest of her own communion would be, but in the real qualifications which such a name implies. Little by little she told him all that the reader knows already, except Mr. Alban Cope's *secret*, which was the real cause of all her troubles. She did not feel that she could confide that to any one; it did not belong to her, but to the Church, and she dared not reveal it.

Mr. Harte was puzzled. There did not appear to be any adequate motive for Mrs. Reed's conduct in receiving Mr. Cope's visits and concealing the fact from her husband. His first thought had been that he would find Mr. Reed, who could not be very far off, and mediate between him and his wife. That would have been, under any circumstances, a difficult and delicate thing to do, but especially so in the present instance. For what could he say to him? To go to him with a simple confession from his wife that she had done wrong, while still withholding from him the confidence to which he felt that he was entitled, would be useless.

"Tell me, my dear lady," he said, at length, "this secret which you have not told your husband, and which, if it were revealed, would, as it seems, account for everything, and set everything right again. Is it known to any one besides yourself?"

"Oh yes."

"May I ask to whom?"

"To Mr. Alban Cope, of course, and to Father Gehagan, a priest of our Church in Ireland, and to some others."

"All of your Church?"

"Yes."

"Is it a secret of the confessional?"

"No."

"Can you not obtain permission to reveal it—to your husband, I mean; not to myself?"

"Oh no!"

"Not even in confidence, that he may share it with you only?"

"I fear not; I ought not to have told you that there was any such secret."

"You did not tell me; I discovered it by my own sagacity. Well, I must think over all that you have said. Of course it is sacred with me: as much so as if it had been whispered into my ear in one of the confessionals of your Church. Be of good courage, I think I see a way out of this difficulty. I hope all will end happily. I shall, I trust, see you again in the course of an hour or so, and bring you good news." And so saying he took his leave.

Mr. Harte had already made up his mind what to do. First he would seek out Mr. Reed; then, if he could persuade him, of which he had little doubt, he would bring him face to face with Mr. Alban Cope. He would appeal to that gentleman for such an explanation as might at least remove the present misunderstanding, and heal the breach between husband and wife. If that should fail, then he would address himself to Father Gehagan. But he did not think it could fail. How far and in what manner Mr. Harte's expectations were realised, will appear in the next chapter.

AMONGST THE MORMONS.

IN the spring of 1873, when travelling in Egypt and Palestine, I fell in with a party of Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, as they call themselves. It was commonly believed that they were "prospecting for a new location," and the Jordan Valley was pointed out as its probable site. It would afford every advantage for a Mormon settlement, possessing a fertile soil, a semi-tropical climate, with abundant natural irrigation, though now lying uncultivated and uninhabited. They strenuously disclaimed any intention of seeking a new home in the East, and gave themselves out to be simple travellers like myself. In the course of our frequent conversations, they pressed me to visit them in Salt Lake City, and promised to make my stay with them interesting and pleasant. I therefore determined to accept the invitation.

The railway from Denver runs over a grand stretch of rolling prairie, till at Cheyenne it connects with the Union Pacific line. The ascent of the Rocky Mountains is now commenced in earnest, and at Sherman the highest point is reached, eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea. This is the water-shed of the continent. The streams, which hitherto have emptied themselves into the Atlantic or the Gulf of Mexico, now make their way to the Pacific. The scenery is not very striking, and the route chosen offers no great engineering difficulties, though the gradients in some places are rather severe. It is only as we enter Utah, and approach Ogden, the point of junction with the Central Pacific and the Utah Railroads, that the grand scenery of the Rocky Mountains comes into view. The track sometimes winds along the bottom of a wild ravine, with precipitous walls of granite on either hand. Cañons—now gloomy and savage, then radiant in verdant beauty—run up into the mountains. Waterfalls come tumbling down from dizzy heights overhead. Huge masses of rock, torn and

splintered
fashion
than h
the m
known
sandst
Up the
summe
of a s
side of
in heig
huge m
closer
natural
precise
in the

A so
now p
stands
River,
ivid i
of the
and C
river,
on the
of civi
city o
railwa
Pacific
ning n
Mal
Cañon
the su
butter
Here,
Lake
Brigh
States
in the
poised
down
some t
soldier
negoti
At t
Omaha
we fin
dered
settle
ning f
Rocky
which
the v
various
"a h
broad,
twenty
probab
so sat
its spe
sible f
Dead
the str
evapor
valley
sweet.
Jordan
lay gr
hydro
—thei

splintered into grotesque shapes, seem to have been fashioned by the fantastic caprices of *genii* rather than by the unaided operations of nature. One of the most remarkable of these rock-formations is known as the Devil's Slide. A mass of dark red sandstone rises to a height of eight hundred feet. Up the side of this mountain, from the base to the summit, runs a mass of white limestone, consisting of a smooth floor about fifteen feet wide, on either side of which is a wall varying from ten to thirty feet in height. As seen from the railway, it resembles a huge mass of highly-finished masonry. Even on a closer inspection it is difficult to discover by what natural agency it has been produced. There is a precisely similar formation called by the same name in the Yellowstone.

A solitary pine, known as the *thousand mile tree*, is now passed. It is so called from the fact that it stands at that distance from Omaha, on the Missouri River, the eastern terminus of the Pacific line. A vivid illustration is thus afforded of the rapid growth of the western territory. In the year 1860, Omaha and Council Bluffs, on the opposite bank of the river, were little more than Indian trading posts on the western frontier, marking the extreme limits of civilisation. Omaha is now a busy and prosperous city of twenty thousand inhabitants, with a direct railway communication of two thousand miles to the Pacific coast, and at least a dozen other lines, running north, east, and south.

Making our way along the bottom of the Weber Cañon we see on the right a precipitous wall of rock, the summit of which at a dizzy height overhead has buttresses and battlements like a mighty fortress. Here, in the early days of the settlement in Salt Lake Valley, a body of Mormons were stationed by Brigham Young to stop the progress of the United States troops on their march to enforce Federal law in the disturbed districts. Great blocks of stone were poised upon the edge of the cliff ready to be hurled down into the ravine below. The fort was held for some time by a band of desperadoes watching for the soldiers to pass; but the peril was averted by timely negotiations.

At Ogden, one thousand and thirty-two miles from Omaha, and nine hundred miles from San Francisco, we find ourselves at the entrance of the valley rendered famous throughout the world by the Mormon settlement. It consists of a broad open plain, running far up into the Wasatch Range, a part of the Rocky Mountain chain. The Great Salt Lake, from which it takes its name, lies at the northern end of the valley, near to Ogden. Its dimensions are variously stated. Those given by Hepworth Dixon, "a hundred and fifty miles long by a hundred broad," are clearly exaggerated. A hundred and twenty-five miles in length by fifty in breadth are probably nearer the truth. Like the Dead Sea, it is so saturated by salt that no fish can live in it, and its specific gravity is so great that it is scarcely possible for the human body to sink. It resembles the Dead Sea further in having no exit, the contents of the streams which flow into it being carried off by evaporation alone. About sixty miles farther up the valley is the Utah Lake, whose waters are pure and sweet. The two are joined together by the River Jordan, a turbid and turbulent stream. The Mormons lay great stress upon the resemblance between the hydrography of their territory and that of Palestine—their sweet-water lake, river, and salt lake bearing

a curious similarity to the Biblical Sea of Galilee, Jordan, and Dead Sea.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the glory and beauty of the scenery of the Salt Lake Valley. "The scene, from whatever point of view it may be taken, is one of the half-dozen pure and perfect landscapes which the earth can show." My first visit was shortly before sunset in early summer. The waters of the lake, along whose shores the railway runs for about forty miles, were exquisitely clear, breaking upon the beach in white foam. Mountains on either side, many of them rising to a height of eleven thousand feet, were crowned with snow. The setting sun poured a flood of golden light into the valley. The air was so bright that the most distant objects stood out to view with a marvellous distinctness. The soil was gay with innumerable flowers. We passed smiling homesteads, surrounded by orchards and gardens, meadows as green as those of the Emerald Isle, fields of corn as carefully cultivated as those of England. Then the city came in view, with a foreground of lake and pasture land, a background of mountains. It has the appearance of a vast garden, dotted here and there with houses. Though the population of the city and suburbs is under twenty thousand, it covers an area of nine miles. The streets, each one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, are lined with shade trees, and a stream of water runs between the roadway and the side walks. Excepting in the main business thoroughfares, each house stands in its own separate inclosure, which is commonly planted with fruit-trees, reminding me at first sight of Damascus, which is hidden in the same way by the orchards and gardens that surround it.

It is difficult to believe, what is nevertheless true, that this luxuriant fertility is entirely due to careful cultivation and to artificial irrigation. When the Mormons first settled here the valley was a barren desert of sage bush and alkali dust. A famous hunter and trapper, named Bridger, declared that he would give a thousand dollars for every ear of corn that was raised. The only human beings occupying the arid waste were Digger Indians, the most degraded and miserable of their race, subsisting on insects, reptiles, and roots. One of the leaders in the emigration from Nauvoo, who endured all its perils and hardships, said to me, "My faith never faltered, my courage never failed, till I emerged from the cañon looking down upon the valley. When I saw it, I said to myself, Can this barren, desolate spot be the promised land, the home of the Latter Day Saints?" Only by resolute industry and skilful engineering the change has been effected. The streams which flowed down the mountain sides were turned into irrigation canals and distributed over the land. The alluvial soil which they brought down with them was deposited on the surface, turning the alkali dust into a rich black loam, producing crops of marvellous richness and abundance. It is not easy to understand why so unfavourable a site as that of the Salt Lake Valley was selected for the Mormon settlement. Many spots might have been chosen equally removed from the fear of invasion, and which would not have required so vast an expenditure of labour to bring under cultivation and to keep in a condition of productiveness. If the efforts of the Mormons were to relax only for a year or two the valley would return to its original barrenness. It has been calculated that the money value of the

labour employed would have bought the land many times over, so that it has been a costly blunder, notwithstanding the boasting of the Mormons and the extravagant praises of their inconsiderate admirers. This fact must be borne in mind, if we would arrive at a correct estimate of the Mormon question.

The public buildings in the city have no pretensions to architectural merits. Most of them are absolutely ugly. The temple, which is only raised a few feet from the ground, is built of grey granite. Its design is said to have been given by revelation, but it is never likely to be carried forward to completion. The tabernacle is a curiously-shaped edifice, not unlike a huge fish-kettle. It is said that eleven thousand persons can be comfortably seated, and can hear without difficulty. This is probably an exaggeration. I should say that six or seven thousand is nearer the truth. But there can be no doubt but that its acoustic properties are admirable. It was well filled on the only occasion on which I attended a service in it, and every word was distinctly audible. Round the front of the large deep gallery are mottoes—texts of Scripture, extracts from the Book of Mormon, and proverbs exhorting to thrift and industry, one in a conspicuous place declares that "Children are Utah's best crop."

The history of the march of the Mormons from Nauvoo across the prairies and mountains, and their settlement on this spot, affords a curious record of superstition and credulity on one hand, of fearless courage and indomitable resolution on the other. I will give the narrative as it was told to me, using as far as possible the very words of one of the most prominent actors in the affair.

"It had been revealed to the prophet, and confirmed to Brigham, that the saints were to find a new home far beyond the reach of the United States Government, where they should dwell undisturbed. The precise locality was unknown, and a band of pioneers, consisting of one hundred and forty-four men and four women, were sent on ahead. As they went forward they selected suitable spots on the line of march, where they broke up the soil, sowed corn, and left some cattle, with a few men to guard them from the Indians. The rest of us were formed into bands to follow in their trail. Some had light waggons, others travelled on foot, dragging in barrows and hand-carts what few goods they had saved from the wreck at Nauvoo. We had to march over a thousand miles, through a country without roads and without inhabitants, except hostile Indians, who plundered us and killed stragglers whenever they got a chance. We were two years in the wilderness before we reached our destination.

"When we arrived at one of the camping grounds prepared for us by the pioneers, we halted for awhile, reaped the corn, broke up the soil afresh, cast in seed for those who came after us, and then moved on again, taking with us some of the cattle, and leaving behind such as could travel no farther without rest. When the winter came upon us we dug out caves for the women and children, and the men did the best they could to keep themselves from freezing to death. Many died from cold, hunger, thirst, and sickness, or were murdered by the Indians. At last we reached this place. A more desolate, hopeless desert you never saw. The alkali dust flew up in clouds when you kicked it. When we turned the water upon it, you would have said that it would swallow up all the water in the sea without ever becoming a bit the

moister. But in a week or two we could see that it would turn out good soil after all.

"About three years after our settlement here we had plenty to eat, and our crops were magnificent. But we were as nearly as possible without clothes, and could not buy any. I was brought down to a pair of tattered pantaloons and a ragged woollen shirt, with no prospect of getting any more. Then came the great rush westward to the Californian gold diggings. Teamsters worn out and dead-beat by the toil and sufferings of the journey were glad to barter a waggon and four fine eastern horses for a light cart and a pair of little Indian ponies. I bought a pair of pantaloons for a pail of buttermilk. All the fruit and fresh provisions we had to spare were eagerly exchanged for clothing and other luxuries. Our people went back on the trail for over three hundred miles, and returned laden with the goods cast away by emigrants who could carry them no farther, or who died, leaving them on the road. All sorts of things were brought in—bales of clothing, implements and tools of every kind, waggons, horses, rifles, revolvers."

"Up to this time we had plenty of provisions, but no money. All trade was done by barter. But now the American Government sent down troops to overawe us. They camped up at Fort Douglas yonder, and had to buy everything they wanted from us, and to do so at our prices. When the troops were withdrawn, they sold back again to us what they did not want, and again had to do so at our prices, so that we made a good thing of it both ways. For instance, they supplied sacks, which were worth a dollar a-piece, being made of the best double domestic; we filled them with flour, for which we charged six dollars. When they left we bought back sack and flour for a half-a-dollar. That wasn't bad trade. By this time we had got well established, and have done well ever since."

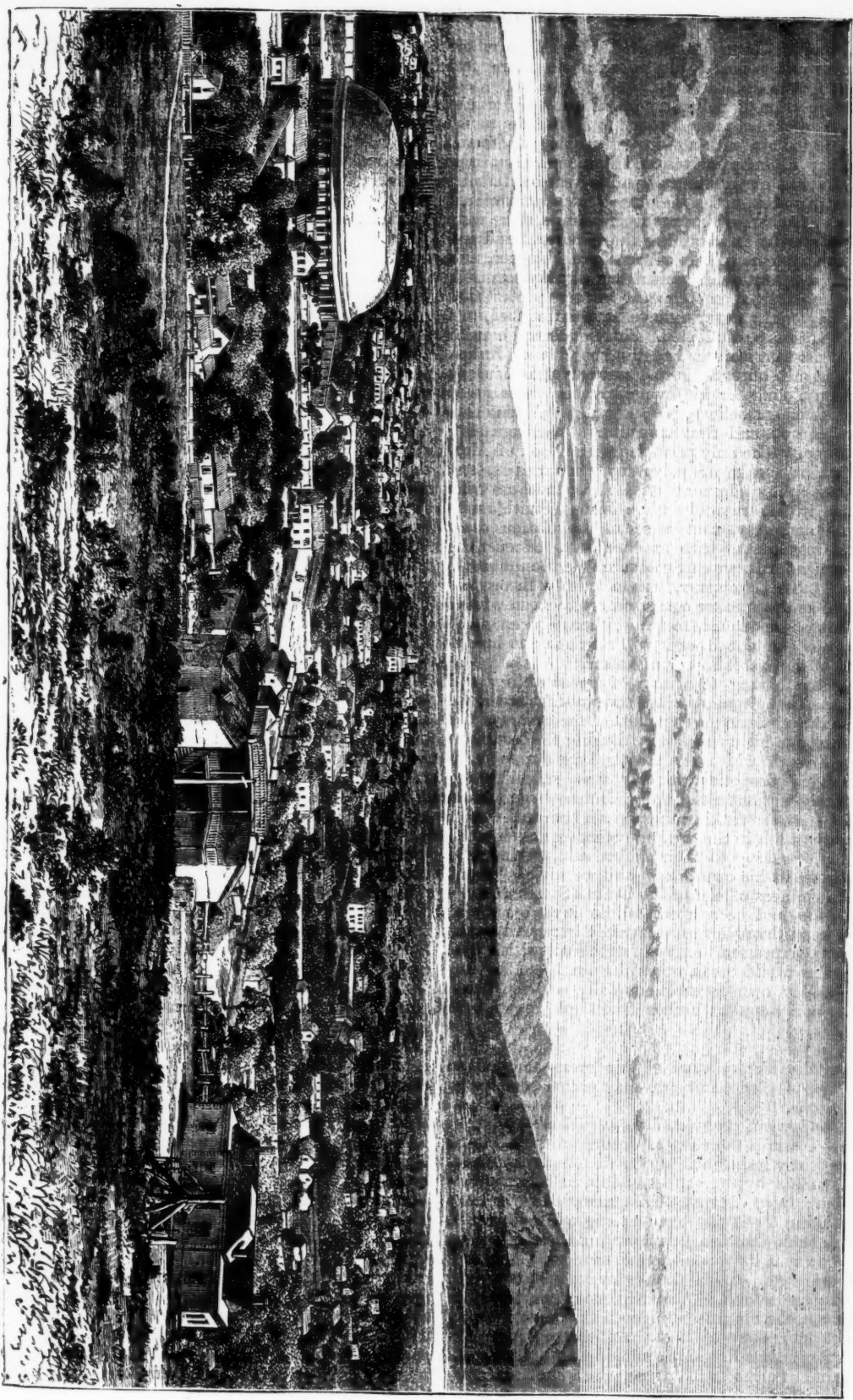
It is difficult for a visitor, however great his advantages may be, to arrive at a correct judgment as to the actual condition and prospects of this strange people. The impression left upon my own mind, after careful inquiries made under exceptionally favourable circumstances, was as follows: The material prosperity of the Mormons cannot be doubted. The opening of the Pacific Railway and the development of the mining industry of the territory have secured for them a market for the sale of their produce. Immense quantities of fruit and vegetables are forwarded to all parts of the States, and from their excellent quality command high prices. The policy of the leaders has been to prevent the people from working the mines themselves, and to be contented with the large and certain profits they may make by the sale of provisions to the miners and other Gentile immigrants. Upon this rapid increase of wealth there has followed a diminution of fanaticism. With comfortable homes, luxuriant orchards, and thriving farms, they seem to be settling down into a quiet, orderly community. One of the wealthiest men in the territory, who had been himself a Mormon, but who is so no longer, said, "Up to five years ago, I never ventured to walk on the side walk after dark. I always kept to the middle of the roadway with my hand on my revolver. Had I not done so I should

* My informant did not tell me, what is, however, affirmed positively by all their neighbours, that many a poor fellow was murdered in cold blood, and left on the prairie by Mormon desperadoes, who enriched themselves by his plunder.

† The great Emma Mine, in which so large an amount of English capital has been sunk, lies at a short distance from Salt Lake City.

at it
 had
 But
 and
 ir of
 with
 the
 ngs.
 and
 er a
 cart
 pair
 and
 aged
 went
 d re-
 ants
 eav-
 were
 tools
 but
 now
 over-
 der,
 and
 with-
 d not
 that
 ance,
 iece,
 filled
 lars.
 for a
 time
 well
 s ad-
 at as
 ange
 mind,
 nally
 The
 bted.
 elop-
 have
 pro-
 ables
 from
 The
 eople
 con-
 may
 and
 rease
 nati-
 ards,
 down
 hiest
 mon,
 ago,
 ark.
 h my
 ould

SALT LAKE CITY



itively
 in cold
 enriched
 English

certainly have been assassinated. Now I go where I please and when I please, with no more fear than if I were in New York."

The question of polygamy is, of course, a crucial one. The women seemed to me to have a depressed and dejected air, with nothing of the brightness and buoyancy of happy wives and mothers. But it is doubtful whether the plurality of wives can be permanently maintained. So long as there was a large excess of female immigrants from Europe, there were obvious reasons for retaining the unnatural and unchristian system. These reasons are, however, now ceasing to operate. A schism has already occurred, and seems to be spreading; the seceders protest that polygamy ought never to have been introduced, and must be at once abandoned. Some of them go so far as to insist that it never had the sanction of Joseph Smith at all, but was foisted upon Mormonism by Brigham Young for his own purposes. George A. Smith, cousin, I believe, of "the prophet," historian of the church, and first councillor of the president, said to me, "The only passage in the Book of Mormon which speaks of polygamy condemns it, and denounces the judgment of God upon those who practise it. It was only when Joseph Smith's wife got old and ugly, that a second revelation came authorising him to take another wife. If ever the time comes for it, we can go back upon the first revelation." This, however, was a purely theoretical opinion, as the speaker confessed to fourteen wives! One thing seemed clear to me—either polygamy will have to be abandoned, or it will result in the breaking up of the whole Mormon system.

Brigham Young is a man of great ability and energy. Though now in his seventy-fifth year, he retains the supreme management of the affairs of the community in his own hands. During the troublous times through which the Latter Day Saints have passed, his despotic authority was submitted to apparently without a murmur. But now complaints against him are making themselves heard. A man of high position in the city, an orthodox and devoted Mormon, speaking of their affairs, said, "He keeps everything in his own hands, and we wish he'd quit it." An eminent official of the United States Government, who had been appointed to investigate and report upon the policy to be pursued in regard to the Mormons, expressed to me his strong conviction that the system would break up on the death of Brigham Young. My own observations fully confirmed this view. I only doubt whether it will hold together so long.

From the history even of this gross and vulgar caricature of Christianity we may gather some practical lessons.

1. *The inexpediency as well as the wickedness of persecution.*—Towards the close of Joseph Smith's life he was evidently losing hold upon his followers. Complaints of his hypocrisy, sensuality, and lying were common. Deep distrust of his pretended revelations was making itself felt even amongst his adherents. It is probable that the delusion would speedily have passed away if its opponents had confined themselves to argument, or assailed it only by legitimate means. But they proceeded to open violence; courts of law were made the instruments of inflicting severe penalties for imaginary offences. At last the prison in which Smith was illegally confined was broken open by a band of armed ruffians, and he was foully mur-

dered in cold blood. This made him a hero in the eyes of his disciples. The man who had been denounced as a swindler and impostor was now revered as a martyr, saint, and prophet. Fanatical enthusiasm took the place of suspicion and hostility. History records many instances in which persecution has had a similar effect, but few so striking as this. Christianity, which suffered so severely from persecution in its infancy, cannot need, and ought never to wield, such weapons as these. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

2. *The power of faith.*—An influential school of teachers in the present day disparage faith and glorify doubt. They speak contemptuously of definite convictions and steadfast belief, and inculcate the strange doctrine that a sceptical and unbelieving temper is wisest and best. But it is impossible not to see that faith is an element of strength, and doubt of weakness. He, and he only, who believes firmly will act vigorously. Even in mundane affairs, the victory which overcometh the world is faith. In the days when Mormonism came into existence, communistic and semi-communistic schemes were rife. America was the chosen home for theorists who endeavoured to reconstruct society on a new basis. Throughout the United States scores of communities were founded having this object in view. Most of them were atheistic or deistic in their character. Throwing aside all religious creeds, they hoped to establish themselves upon the principles of refined selfishness or of abstract science. They have, with very few exceptions, dwindled away and disappeared. They lacked the ardent enthusiasm which only religious faith can impart. Philosophical speculations can never give cohesion to an aggregate of individual atoms. The deep-rooted selfishness of the human heart cannot be eradicated by vague doctrines of universal benevolence. Mormonism, grotesque and crude and false as it is, yet supplied a religious basis, kindled enthusiastic devotion, and excited for awhile a vigorous faith. In that faith its adherents triumphed over persecution, endured that long and terrible march of two years over a thousand miles of desert, and established themselves in their new home. They believed that God was their guardian and guide and friend, and in that faith they were strong. Scepticism has no such feats to record, no such trophies to display.

3. *The influence of the creed upon the life.*—Whilst one school of modern teachers disparages faith as a motive-power and principle of action, another exaggerates its value. "Only believe," they say, "and it matters little what you believe. Strength and sincerity of faith are everything, the object of faith—Odin or Buddha, the Korán or the Gospel—is of secondary importance." But the value of our subjective act of faith is determined by its objective character. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." A sensual and materialistic creed, like that of Mormonism, degrades and debases its adherents to its own level. As well expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles as to find a noble and holy life developed by faith in a system which denies the spirituality of the Divine nature, inculcates polygamy as a duty, and gives the assurance of salvation to the mere mechanical performance of outward ordinances. Mormonism, it is true, has retained many of the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. But these are obscured or perverted by impure and absurd addi-

tions.
truth
be br
of th
If th
relati
ought
Remo
incul
death
ough
ness!

A B
striki
in st
been
a wor
spect
at lea
and t
drift
for V

If
one
foun
bably
critic
haze
surro
save
possi
the h
exper
spon
Cam
ject
first
was
most
comm
sion
versi
ferri
was
for t
chos
the C

In
thirt
enro
wom
were
The
"pr
vale
—w
und
brid
on
pos
Cam
—P
Rev.
illust
↑
of M
obtai
don,

tions. Its success hitherto is due to the measure of truth it has preserved. Its impending downfall will be brought about as a natural and inevitable result of the immoral and unchristian articles of its creed. If this be admitted, there follows of course the correlative truth, that we who profess a purer faith ought to be distinguished by a purer and holier life. Remembering the lofty morality which the gospel inculcates, and the potent motives which the life and death of our Lord supply, "What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!"*

GIRTON COLLEGE.

ABOUT two miles from Cambridge, on the Huntingdon road, there is a red-brick building of striking enough appearance to excite some curiosity in strangers as to what it may be. People have been known to hazard the conjecture that it is either a workhouse or a lunatic asylum, but a nearer inspection usually convinces them that it is neither—at least in the ordinary acceptation of the terms—and they are relieved or otherwise, according to the drift of their sympathies, to find that it is a College for Women.

If they have to depend upon an undergraduate of one of the neighbouring "ancient and honourable foundations" for further information, they will probably have to exercise a considerable amount of critical faculty in extricating facts from the poetical haze with which the undergraduate mind loves to surround the unknown; and it may not be amiss to save the readers of the "Leisure Hour" from that possible trouble by sketching, as shortly as may be, the history, aim, and practical working of this first experiment of a college for women, designed to correspond in essential features with the Oxford and Cambridge colleges for men. How or when the project was first formed need not here be told. The first step towards carrying it into actual operation was the formation of a committee, composed for the most part, with some omissions and additions, of the committee through whose instrumentality the extension to girls of the Local Examinations of the University of Cambridge had been obtained. The conferring of so great a boon to the education of women was an encouragement to look for more, and chiefly for this reason, Cambridge, rather than Oxford, was chosen as the University to which it was hoped that the College might eventually be attached.

In 1869 a house was taken at Hitchin, about thirty miles from Cambridge, and six women were enrolled as students. Admission was limited to women who had attained the age of eighteen, and all were required to pass an entrance examination.† The object aimed at from the beginning—that of "providing for women a systematic education equivalent to that afforded by the Universities for men"—was steadily kept in view. The teaching was undertaken by men of the highest standing at Cambridge, and the College undertook to give certificates on conditions closely corresponding with those imposed on candidates for degrees of the University of Cambridge.

The experiment, so doubtful at first, gave year by year fresh evidences of success, till, in 1872, the committee considered themselves justified in buying, by means of public subscription, supplemented by loans on mortgage,* sixteen acres of land in the parish of Girton, near Cambridge, and in building upon a portion of it one side of a quadrangle, containing accommodation for twenty-one students, with the necessary lecture-rooms, mistress' rooms, etc. The institution was incorporated in 1872, under the name of Girton College, and the occupation of the building was entered upon in October, 1873.

Since then the number of students has gone on steadily increasing, and it has been found necessary this year to make a considerable addition to the building.

In the course of the past year twenty-six students were in residence, and twenty-two of these, with twelve new students, are expected to be in residence during the coming year.

The results hitherto, as regards success at the University examinations, have been very satisfactory, considering the serious disadvantages of almost total want of early training in classics and mathematics with which most of the students have had to contend. The College has not yet applied to the University for the formal admission of its students to the degree examinations, but, by the kindness of the examiners, students of the College have been from time to time examined in the papers set to the undergraduates of the University, and judged by precisely the same standard, a report on their work being made privately to the College. By this means the attainments of Girton students are tested and attested by the highest authority, no special indulgence of any sort being allowed to interfere with the application of the University standard. No first class honours has yet been obtained, but second class honours in the mathematical, moral sciences, and natural science triposes, and second and third class honours in the classical tripos, have been won, seven students in all having passed—in the sense above indicated—one or other of the tripos examinations. Of the four students who have passed examinations which would have entitled them to the ordinary (pass) B.A. degree, three would have taken a first class both in the general and special examinations. In all cases the University regulations as to previous examinations, terms of residence, subjects, and standard of examination, have been strictly observed, and students of Girton holding a degree certificate are substantially as well qualified to be graduates of Cambridge as any man whose name appears in the calendar.

It must not be supposed, however, that all students who go to Girton are expected to work with a view to University examinations. Unless they have received scholarships or exhibitions with the condition of working for a degree certificate attached, they are quite at liberty to choose their own subjects of study. They must submit to a college examination on such subjects once a year, and they can, if they please, obtain certificates of proficiency in single subjects, four certificates of proficiency in single subjects entitling the holder to the rights and privileges of a

* From "American Pictures, drawn with Pen and Pencil." By the Rev. Dr. Manning, author of "Swiss Pictures," etc. A beautifully illustrated volume, just issued by the Religious Tract Society.

† The College entrance examinations are held in London in the months of March and June. Forms of entry and other information may be obtained from the secretary, Miss Davies, 17, Cunningham Place, London, N.W.

* During the past year a considerable portion of the loans has been paid off and the debt on the original building has been reduced to £600. In the meantime, however, fresh liabilities have been incurred on account of the extension, and about £3000 is still required to set the College free from debt. These charges are for the capital fund only. For some years past, the students' fees have covered the current expenses.

certificated student. The subjects in which teaching is provided, if there are enough of students in each case desirous of taking the subject to form a class, are divinity, modern languages (English, French, and German), classics, mathematics (pure and mixed), moral science, natural science, history, and vocal music. As a matter of fact, the great majority of the students do follow the usual University course, but there have been instances of students remaining one, two, or even three years without attempting or desiring to pass any other than the yearly college examination of whatever classes they may have attended.

The system of teaching adopted is a combination of the three methods in use at Cambridge, viz., professional lectures, tutorial lectures, and individual teaching. One of the few points in which Cambridge customs are departed from is in the provision of *all* teaching by the College, whereas at Cambridge an undergraduate has to get his "private coaching" apart from his relations with his college. Many of the students attend the University lectures on the subjects included in their course of study, means of conveyance to and from Cambridge being provided by the College. The class lectures at the College and individual teaching are generally given in the afternoon, when the lecturers appointed by the College have got their Cambridge work over, and are at liberty to walk out to Girton. There were for several terms a classical tutor and an assistant lecturer in mathematics and natural science in residence at the College, who had been themselves students there; and it is the intention of the committee to appoint, in time, a full staff of such resident lecturers. Meantime, both teachers and taught, as a rule, thoroughly enjoy their work, and the only drawback is that one is reminded too often of "cutting a whetstone with a razor," when one sees a senior classic or a senior wrangler teaching Greek accidence or the elements of algebra. The improvements in the early education of girls, however, already exhibiting themselves in the higher attainments of the candidates who present themselves at the entrance examination, will soon, no doubt, lessen the distance between pupil and teacher.

One element with which men who teach at Cambridge have too often to contend—idleness and inattention—has hitherto been signally absent from their classes at Girton. Fortunately it is the fashion to "play hard" as well as "work hard," so that the dangers of over-study are guarded against by counter-attractions. No instance of a student having permanently injured her health by over-work is on record, while, on the other hand, many have gone away in much more vigorous health than when they came.

This brings us to the daily life at Girton, about which a good deal of curiosity and much misconception exists in the outer world.

When a student goes to Girton she finds herself in sole possession of a sitting-room and bedroom, and, more fortunate than her Cambridge contemporaries, finds them already furnished, so that she has to provide herself with nothing in the shape of furniture except articles of luxury. It is one of the prime delights of one's college life to have "one's own rooms," and most of the Girton students take a pride in making theirs look as pretty as possible. Of course musical students have pianos, and artistic students have "high art" decorations, but the objects

of "bigotry and virtue" in which Girtonians indulge themselves are generally of a less expensive kind than one meets with in their brothers' or cousins' rooms in Cambridge, flowers in profusion—and these more often wild flowers of their own collecting than exotics ordered in from a nurseryman—being the commonest form of ornament.

The College library has not yet been built, and, meantime, the books belonging to it are kept in the lecture-rooms, to which the students have free access. The mathematical portion of the late Mrs. Somerville's library has been given to the College, and has been deposited in a cabinet specially designed for the purpose. A reading-room serves also as a common sitting-room for the students. Several of the daily and weekly papers and a few of the magazines are taken, partly by the College and partly by the students, so the reading-room is much resorted to, and serves as a corrective to the love of solitude which might otherwise be engendered by the separate sitting-room system.

The College rules are as few as, to maintain proper discipline, they could well be. Prayers are read by the mistress at eight o'clock every morning, but attendance is not compulsory. Breakfast is on the table from a quarter-past eight till nine, and each student must inscribe her initials on a marking-roll in the dining-hall during that period, unless she has obtained leave of absence from the mistress. She must go through the same routine between the hours of twelve and three, when luncheon is on the table, and again between six and seven, when the mistress and students are assembled for dinner. With these restrictions she is free to go and come, walk or ride, study or play, as she pleases, provided she does not accept any invitation which would interfere with marking without the consent of the mistress, and does not absent herself from the lectures which she has agreed to attend. She is expected not to accept more than one evening invitation in the week on an average, to inform the mistress of her destination, and to be within the College gates before they are closed at eleven p.m. Students are not allowed to receive visits from gentlemen in their rooms, except in the case of a father or guardian; but they are quite at liberty to entertain their lady friends there, and may also invite them to dinner or lunch in hall on giving proper notice to the housekeeper, and paying for the meal according to a fixed scale of charges. There is a reception-room in which visitors who are not admissible to the private rooms may be received subject to the sanction of the mistress.

The daily routine of most of the students' lives is much as follows:—After breakfast, from nine to half-past twelve or one, study in their own rooms (or in the case of natural science students, attendance at lectures in Cambridge or laboratory work); then lunch, and afterwards a walk, drive, or ride till half-past three or four, when there is probably a lecture to be attended; dinner at six; then some music or, in summer, a stroll in the grounds till half-past seven, when study begins again and goes on till nine or ten or later, according to inclination. There is very often a dance towards the "end of the evening," and there are periodical meetings of the College Debating Society, which are always well attended. Afternoon tea is sent round to the students' rooms and the lecture-rooms about four, and after dinner each student gives an order for tea or coffee, etc., to be sent to her own room at any hour she pleases up till

nine. It is very usual for students to invite each other to tea before the after-dinner work begins, and during examinations, or at other times when work does not press, there are larger student-parties at which the amusement generally consists of Shakespeare readings, acting of charades, etc. Instead of the walk or drive after lunch, recourse is often had to the gymnasium, where "fives" are extensively patronised, or in summer to the croquet-lawn for whatever may happen to be the favourite game of the season.

On Sunday morning, those of the students who belong to the Church of England—about two-thirds of the entire number—and to other churches are generally to be met making their way into Cambridge, where they attend whatever church or chapel they please. Some lunch afterwards at the ladies' reading-room, and remain for the University sermon, and perhaps for the afternoon service at King's College Chapel, from which they can return in time for dinner.

It will be seen from the nature and extent of their amusements that the Girton students do not carry their love of learning so far as to attend to the mind at the expense of the body. Their numbers, socially speaking, are composed of very much the same materials as those in the colleges belonging to the University, and even that most comprehensive of Cambridge colleges (Christ's) could hardly match Girton in diversity of nationalities, seeing that there have been already in residence at the latter college natives of Russia, Germany, America, England, Ireland, and Scotland. The students in general have been drawn from the upper and middle—more especially the professional—classes, and their ages on entry have varied from eighteen to thirty. About half have entered with the intention of becoming teachers, and, of the other half, the majority have come from pure love of learning, and not, of course, for the reason for which so many men come to college—because it is customary to do so in their own rank. The consequent comparative absence of idle students gives a higher tone to the college life, both intellectually and morally, than it might otherwise have, and it has not been found that the singularity of their position has bred self-consciousness or had a bad effect upon the manners of the students, which are simply those of young women in the ranks from which they have sprung. On the contrary, it is found that daily contact and friendly rivalry in work and play performs for women the same good office as it performs for men in rubbing off eccentricities and banishing priggishness and conceit.

Six Girton students have already become teachers in the public day-schools for girls which have sprung up so rapidly within the last few years, and double or treble that number would be gladly welcomed in these schools. Some out of this number have taken up teaching *con amore*, or as the only useful occupation open to them, but the majority have embraced it as their profession, and look forward to becoming head-mistresses—no despicable ambition, even from a pecuniary point of view when the prizes to be had range from £1,300 a year downwards.

It is not desirable or likely, however, that the College should ever degenerate into a mere training-school for teachers. The fees (£105 a year) and the long term of residence necessary for a degree certificate—at least nine Cambridge terms—put education there beyond the reach of many of those who intend to teach—unless assisted by scholarships

or exhibitions. These are given from time to time in connection with the entrance examinations, and enable candidates who give evidence of ability, and who might not otherwise have had the means, to pursue the full University course of three years, and it is hoped that much will be thus accomplished in the way of supplying the demand for high-class teachers. Still, Girton aims at more than this, and, apart from its primary object of providing women with the opportunity of measuring their knowledge by a high and well-known standard, it has conferred benefits greatly higher than any capable of being tested by examinations. For girls fresh from school it has provided a halting-place between girlhood and womanhood, from which they have come forth stronger and better in body and mind, and in which they have formed friendships such as women seldom make. For those who have come at a more advanced age it has fulfilled the dream of years, and provided an outlet for energies that would else have run to waste or been misapplied; and it is every year sending out to the world women who, if they have learned nothing else, have learned the limits of their knowledge and found their level.

THE GRANTS OF LOCHSIDE;

OR, THE LIFE OF SCOTCH EMIGRANTS IN CANADA.

CHAPTER III.

I MIND that next winter well. What with my mother growing better, and the baby sweetness of our bonny May, and other things, my life seemed full, and it was a very happy winter to me. I had little leisure, but the house was quiet and cheerful. Sandy and Peter were at home busy in the woods and among the cattle, and Kenneth Dunn was staying with us, a young man who had come out from Scotland to buy a farm of his own; but he was just staying with us awhile till he should become acquainted with the ways of the country. The rest of the bairns were at the school, which was kept that winter by a clever Yankee lad, a college student, called Abraham Powers. My brothers all thought much of him, especially John. I think it was through his intercourse with him that John got the settled notion of going to the University himself.

We came to know him well afterwards, for he married my sister Annie the day she was nineteen, as shall be told in the right place. I aye liked the lad myself, though my father and my mother thought him a bit conceited in those days, and Sandy and Peter aye called him "the patriarch," partly because of his name, but chiefly because, though he was only a lad of nineteen, you would have thought, to hear him, that there were few things in the world worth knowing of which he had not had some experience. But I have seen that in more lads from the other side of the border, and it doesna seem to hinder them from growing into men of sense and judgment, who can make their way in the world, and prove themselves worthy of the respect and confidence of their neighbours. At least that was the way with him. Much as he thought of his country and its institutions, and fond as he was of holding them up for our admiration, he never went back again to enjoy them, but settled in the town of T—, in the profession of the law, in the practice of which he had great success, and he is sitting to-day in the Parliament of his adopted country.

I dare say this is as good a place as any to say a word about something that happened to myself, or rather that might have happened to me, if it had been possible for me to leave my mother in her weakness to struggle with the work and the care of a household like ours. But it wasna possible, and so I told Kenneth Dunn that if I was worth the asking, I was worth the waiting for a year, at least; and whether or no, I couldna go with him for a year, and maybe more. He was angry, and said I cared more for my mother than I did for him, and I didna deny it, but I never thought how it was going to end. Even when he put off the buying of the farm he had been looking near at hand, saying to my father that he would like to go west and see the country a bit before he settled down, I never thought but he would come back again.

In six months time, however, he wrote to my father, saying that he had decided not to buy a farm at all, but to invest his money in business in the town of H—, and before the year was out he was a married man.

Not being of a changeful nature myself, I had never doubted him, and the suddenness of the blow made it the sharper. But, in one way, it was all the better for me that it came suddenly. I had none of the misery of suspense to bear, and had only just to put him out of my mind and forget him. I had plenty to do, both in the house and out of it, and that helped me, and, except just whiles in the leisure of the gloaming, or when the cooing and nestling of my baby-sister woke me to the light of a new morning before it was time to rise, I did well enough. I got through that time with my mother's help, though she never named his name to me, and with the help of my bonny May.

But all that happened more years since than I like to mind on now, and I seem to be looking back on another person, and not on myself at all. I winna deny that I suffered, but I got good out of my suffering with God's help and my mother's, and I took juster views of life and what we are to do in it and expect of it from that time. And that is the end of my story—my own personal story, I mean. After that I dreamed fewer dreams—I mean I lived on without thinking much about what was to happen to myself, except as one of the household. I had other chances of going away to a home of my own after that, but I never saw the time when I could have been easily spared out of my father's house, and whether it was true of Kenneth Dunn or no, it was certainly true of them that came after him, that I cared more for my mother and her comfort than for them all put together and all they had to bestow. As for Kenneth Dunn, when, two years after, he brought his wife to visit at my father's house, I can truly say that I didna envy her her husband, for time and the wear and tear of the world hadna improved him; and, to tell the truth, I thought few would have envied him his wife. But of all this there is no need to speak now.

From the time my little sister was born the care of the household, that had been my mother's, fell for the most part on me. There is a deal of work to do in a farm-house of one kind or another even now, and there was more in those days. But there is a great satisfaction in doing such work as was done in our house in the way we did it.

Almost everything that was used in the house we made ourselves. My mother's tea we bought, and

salt, and spice, and needles and thread, and shirting and prints for summer wear. But most things came from the farm and were made by our own hands, and there was always, after the first few years, fulness and plenty of all necessary things, and of many things that among people who are not rich might well be considered luxuries. We had fruit both from the fields and from the garden, and we had eggs and cream, and all that can be made from them, to use more freely than can be done anywhere but in a farm-house, and never missed at the year's end. There were folk aye coming and going about our house, and they were aye welcome, and there was plenty for all.

Not only the butter and cheese and bread were made in the house, but soap and sugar and candles and starch. The clothes which served us all for the greater part of the year were not only cut and sewn in the house, but the material of them was made as well. Our wool, when we came to have much of it, was carded at the mill, but it was spun at home, and woven, too, into cloth and flannel and blankets, as was needed. The cloth that was for the outside wear of my father and the lads was sent to the fulling mill to be finished, but that was all. And when there is added to this the knitting of mittens and stockings for a dozen pairs of hands and feet, it will be seen that there couldna be much time wasted among us.

But there is great satisfaction in the successful planning and doing for one's own; and in a farm-house where the making of most things for use and comfort are found, and must pass directly through the housekeeper's own hands, the satisfaction is all the greater. I was often over-wearied with the work, and there were times when I doubted whether the comforts of our household were enjoyed by the rest without much thought of the trouble and hard work they cost; but looking back now, with eyes that see clearer for the distance, I can truly say that I took a real pleasure in my work, and in the comfort it brought to my mother and them all.

I have heard it said, and indeed I have had a chance to see it myself, that in Scotch families in general there is a fashion of expecting the sisters of the house to follow and serve their brothers in a way that does less ill to the server than to the served, but which is good for neither. I needna enter into particulars. Folk that have seen it will ken what I mean. What I have to say is, that it was never that way in our house. This was partly, I dare say, with my mother aye being so delicate, and needing to be considered where the saving of work was concerned; and it was partly, too, because there were so many brothers, I being for a good many years the only sister of an age to render service. So my brothers got in a way of doing things for my mother and me, and of having us in their thoughts, which did good to all concerned, and especial good to themselves.

It is a great pleasure to me, as I lie here by myself, to mind on all these things. I shut my eyes and see our place as it was then—the old house and the garden, and the lake with the sunshine on it, and fair faces that time and trouble have touched since then, and the blithe ring of young voices comes back to me, and my heart grows full as I mind them all. Those were very happy years in our house. Kenneth Dunn darkened one of them to me. Indeed, for a little while, all the years that had gone before were darkened by him, but that cloud passed as though it

had never been, except for the good it brought me, and there is not a year of all my life that I would wish to forget, even if I had the power.

But, dear me! I hardly ken where my pen has been wandering. It was not all this that I set out to say. The like of this would do little good in the way of encouraging those who are thinking to begin the world among us. And yet I am not quite sure. A happy home is a pleasant sight in any circumstances, and a glimpse of the home my father and mother were enabled to make to their children may help to keep up the courage of some who are struggling with the unaccustomed difficulties of making a new beginning in the Canadian woods.

And it is not so easy as one would think to write about my father and all he did, and how he did it, in a way to help other folk with his experience. If I were to go into particulars as to how he dealt with the land year by year, being faithful with it, asking from it no more than he gave, and as to what came of it in the way of success, I would make far too long a story of it, and it might, after all, serve little purpose. For there are more ways than one to the same end. The soil, and the lie of the land, and the varying seasons, all make a difference, and the plans and the treatment that answer one place may not answer another, and I might say much and do little good.

But there are some things that answer every time and place, every age and condition. The far-seeing wisdom of my father's plans, and the never-wearying diligence with which he wrought them out, would have ensured success in circumstances of greater difficulty than it was ever his lot to encounter. If I were like one of the great writers of the day, who with two or three strokes of the pen can out of words make a living picture, that would be the way to do it. "A strong, patient, God-fearing man," was what my brother John said of his father once, and that comes near to it. Strength, and patience, and the fear of God! What can come between a man possessing these and ultimate success in any honest calling? And without these, or even missing one of them, I know not what will stand in stead.

Not that I would wish to make it seem that my father was a perfect man. He had his faults and his weaknesses. The neighbours whiles called him "slow," because of his inborn caution and the prudence that comes of careful thought joined with the constant hard work. As to that I can only say his slowness answered a better purpose than the cleverness of the most of them. They called him "hard," too, and I winna deny that the side of his character that outside folk saw oftenest might have had that look to them. But he was a just man to the last farthing, and his word was acknowledged to be as good as his bond from the day that he came to the country. Still, I am not saying that he was without his faults. Which of us is? A man's very virtues may overlean till they touch the other side, and look like anything but virtues—a sure proof to my mind of what it is growing the fashion nowadays to deny, that there is a thraw in our nature from the very first.

I'll acknowledge that if it had not been for my mother, my father might have become overmuch taken up with the things of the world, and perhaps might have grown near and hard. He never liked to part with his gear without a fair return, and he didna aye see just so clearly as my mother did how

much better some things are to have and to hold than gold or gear. But he had great faith in her judgment, and under her influence he could never have grown hard. He did his part in many a good work, at a time when there were fewer helping hands than there are now. It was through him more than any one else that the first minister was settled in our part of the country. Our house was his home for many a day, and when he came to have a home of his own, good and honest man as he was, it would have been a bare house whiles, if it hadna been for my father and mother. And many a poor body that had less claim on them than had God's minister got timely help out of our house in one way and another. A hard man my father never was.

His desire to possess land might have proved a temptation to him in time. He seemed to have no ability to resist when an opportunity to invest money in land presented itself, and for a good many years this told against us. For, however good the harvest might be, or however fair the market-price for grain or cattle might be, there was aye some payment coming due to take up the money that was coming in, and we were kept close and bare in the house whiles, because of this. Sometimes it was wild land, and sometimes it was the half-made clearing of some shiftless body who gave it up for want of perseverance to get through the first hardships and discouragements of making a farm out of the forest. Whoever came to him offering his land for sale was pretty sure to get it off his hands.

There was land enough. There was little danger of his falling under the woe of the prophet on them that "lay field to field till there is no place." Land was plenty in those early days, and though for a while the elder bairns were held down with all the money going that way and bringing no immediate return, it turned out well for the family in time. As the country opened up the land grew valuable, though it was a long time before my father cared to part with any he had. The town of B. stands on land that was once his, and I wouldna just like to say how much has come in from that.

It was by his successful farming of Lochside that my father was best known in the country-side. What skill and will and patient labour could do to make the desert "blossom as the rose," was done by him, and many a one came from far to see our farm, and it was well worth coming to see. About the time our May was born there was an addition put to our house, which made it far more comfortable for our large family, and which also improved much the appearance of the place. A happy home it was, as those who are far away now in homes of their own fail not oftentimes to declare.

WEATHER PROVERBS.

November.

THIS month is undoubtedly the gloomiest one of the year, and during it leaden skies and blinding fogs hold such sway that we cease to feel any great interest in the outside world, which contrasts so unpleasantly with the inside comforts of our homes. It possesses even less attractions for the farmer, who has learnt the results of his year's crops, and has scarcely begun to concern himself about the prospects of the next.

The Nottinghamshire country folk have two sayings relating to the appearance of severe weather at this time of year.

"If there's ice in November that will bear a duck,
There'll be nothing after but sludge and muck."

"If the ice bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a mouse after."

The last is varied in West Kent by the substitution of goose for man, and duck for mouse. The experience of the great frosts of 1565, 1683, 1762, and 1814 directly opposes this popular view. There is a proverb of a similar character attached to Hallowe'en, November 11th n.s., or the evening before All Saints' Day.

"If ducks do slide at Hollandtide,
At Christmas they will swim;
If ducks do swim at Hollandtide,
At Christmas they will slide."

Shakespeare tells us to look for fine weather at Martinmas, November 23rd, n.s.

"Expect St. Martin's summer."

For the Midland Counties a proverb is current to the effect that if the wind is s.w. at Martinmas, it will keep there till after Christmas; as this wind is essentially a rainy one, such prospects are hardly cheering. A pale yellow sky, which we frequently see in November, is a sure sign of rain at any time; and if the sky is of a sea-green colour near the horizon the result is usually the same. The Rev. W. Jones states that, if the sky in rainy weather is tinged with sea-green, the rain will increase, but that it will only be showery if deep-blue prevails. The Shepherd of Banbury declares that it is likely to rain for six hours if the air grows thick by degrees and the stars shine dimmer and dimmer. These conditions are very frequently fulfilled in November, and the consequences prove the truth of his observations.

Altogether November is not a desirable month, and outdoor pursuits are often brought to a standstill or followed under difficulties. Tom Hood has left us a most amusing description of his feelings on a foggy day in London, which will well bear repetition.

"No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no 't'other side the way'—
No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for shewing 'em—
No knowing 'em—
No travelling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
'No go'—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!"

The truth of these lines will be admitted by all, and their humour can hardly be surpassed.

Varieties.

PRIME MINISTERS SINCE THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III.

Earl of Bute	May, 1762
Mr. Grenville	April, 1763
Marquis of Rockingham	July, 1765
Duke of Grafton	Aug. 1766
Lord North	Jan. 1770
Marquis of Rockingham	March, 1782
Lord Shelburne	July, 1782
Duke of Portland	April, 1783
Mr. Pitt	Dec. 1783
Mr. Addington	March, 1801
Mr. Pitt	May, 1804
Lord Grenville	Jan. 1806
Duke of Portland	March, 1807
Mr. Perceval	June, 1810
Lord Liverpool	June, 1812
Mr. Canning	April, 1827
Lord Goderich	Aug. 1827
Duke of Wellington	Jan. 1828
Earl Grey	Nov. 1830
Viscount Melbourne	July, 1834
Sir Robert Peel	Dec. 1834
Viscount Melbourne	April, 1835
Sir Robert Peel	Aug. 1841
Lord John Russell	July, 1846
Earl of Derby	Feb. 1852
Earl of Aberdeen	Dec. 1852
Viscount Palmerston	Feb. 1855
Earl of Derby	Feb. 1858
Viscount Palmerston	June, 1859
Earl Russell	Oct. 1865
Earl of Derby	July, 1866
Mr. Disraeli	March, 1868
Mr. Gladstone	Dec. 1868
Mr. Disraeli	Feb. 1874

BISHOP HORSLEY.—Mr. James Daniell writes from Theydon Grove, Epping:—"It may not be generally known that Bishop Horsley was buried at the Church of St. Mary, Newington Butts, in the year 1806. This church is, at the present moment, in a state of demolition, and the bishop's remains have been removed and re-interred in the family vault at Thorley, in Hertfordshire. As a grand-nephew of Bishop Horsley, and with the consent of my cousin, the head of the family, I am performing this duty, and I therefore take this opportunity, through the 'Times,' of publishing this fact to the many who must be familiar with the bishop's life and works. I had hoped that the re-interment might have been in Westminster Abbey, where, as dean, the bishop delivered the greater part of his memorable sermons. This intention has, for various reasons, been abandoned; but in the village church of Thorley, and in the midst of his family, the remains of Bishop Horsley will meet with the full honour and respect due to one of the greatest prelates of our Church."

PRICES THREE CENTURIES AGO.—In a "Book of the Joint Diet, Dinner, and Supper, and the charge thereof, for Crammer, Latimer, and Ridley," kept by the bailiffs of Oxford, while the said right rev. prelates were in the custody of these officers, we find in the bill for "dinner," October 1, 1554, a charge of 1d. for oysters. Allowing—and the supposition is not wholly improbable—that my Lords of Canterbury, London, and Worcester each ate a dozen, oysters must have been cheap indeed, even after every allowance has been made for the depreciation of the precious metals in three hundred years. The remaining items of the episcopal banquet consisted of "bread and ale, 2d.; butter, 2d.; eggs, 2d.; lyng, 8d.; a piece of fresh salmon, 10d.; wine, 3d.; cheese and pears, 2d.; total 2s. 6d." This was not bad for a Friday dinner in prison. Some years before Parliament had fixed the price of beef and pork at $\frac{1}{3}$ d. the pound and the price of veal at $\frac{1}{3}$ d., while, if their Lordships could never discuss theology over a cup of Bohea, they could taste the purer delights of milk at three pints (ale measure) the halfpenny. But the golden age of good living must have been the reign of King Edward I, when the Common Council of London deemed it necessary to fix the price of various articles of diet as follows:—Two pullets, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; a partridge or two woodcocks, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; a fat lamb, 6d., from Christmas to Shrovetide, the rest of the year, 4d.—*Fall Mall Gazette.*